POET-SLAYER TO BE SHOT!—I. W. W. BARD WILL FACE FIRING SQUAD—WOMAN'S NAME SECRET

Salt Lake City, Utah.—The "red-bandanna" murderer, Joe Hill, poet of the proletariat, love lyric composer and I. W. W. leader, will be shot at dawn September 4!

A woman's name will go down to his grave with him, locked behind the dead lips which heroically refuse to utter it, though it would mean ALL —life, honor, happiness!

One evening last January a Salt Lake grocer, John G. Morrison and his son were shot to death in their store by two mysterious murderers masked in red bandanna handkerchiefs. One of the murderers was wounded in the battle, Morrison said before he died.

On that same night Joe Hill appeared at a Salt Lake City physician's office, pleading that a gaping bullet wound in his chest be cared for at once.

"A row with a woman," he muttered tersely when asked how he had been shot.

But when the police took him in charge they found a red bandanna handkerchief. That was all the evidence.

And those two circumstances—only cruel coincidences, perchance—have doomed the romantic "poet of the people" to death before the rifle mouths which, under the law of Utah, he choose in preference to hanging.

"Could I only speak her name," murmurs Joe Hill in his cell, "but, no, I cannot! Let death be mine rather than that dishonor should be HERS!"

And so the mystery of the red bandanna murder, which has struck the imagination of all the west, is destined to be unsolved, shrouded forever in the smoke from the gun that strikes down Poet Joe Hillstrom.

Little clues, rising here and there in the dramatic story of the case, only make the mystery more strange.

There is one woman, Mrs. Virgina Snow Stephens, grand-daughter of

Joseph Hillstrom

Lorenzo Snow, the famous one-time president of the Mormon church, who has fought with money and influence for Hill's release.

Mrs. Stephen is a wealthy society leader of Salt Lake.

Yet she is strangely co-operating with the I. W. W. chiefs in the poet-prisoner's cause!